NATURAL GAS IN OMAHA.

The Chicago Edwards Oil Burner a Grand Success

FOR COOKING STOVES, RANGES, HEATING STOVES and OPEN FIRES.

Endorsed by the Board of Underwriters and by thousands of ladies now using them, who will not part with them, and who shout with one voice EURAKA! EURAKA! I HAVE FOUND IT.

To Our Patrons

IN OMAHA.

Our salesroom is located at 117 North 15th, where we have the Edwards Oil Burner constantly in operation, both for cooking and heating purposes. We now have an expert from Chicago to properly place the burners, tanks, etc. We claim without fear of successful controversion that the Edwards Oil Burner is a perfect substitute for wood and coal heating and cook stoves.

The Edwards Oil Burner is clean, economical and saves hours of hard drudgery. It will heat your house as cleanly, more effectually and at a third less cost than by a furnace. As an attest of its merits we point with pride to the list of our citizens now using this fuel-saving device, and whose words of unqualified commendation appear on this page.

Call and see the Burner for your own satisfaction.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT.

AT HOME.

Mrs. B. F. Bundell, 1047 Park Ave. "We have the burner in our Cook Stove and also a Petrolia heater; it is a perfect success."

S. N. Gustin, 2424 Hamilton St. "Am confident it is a success."

Mrs. M. W. Stokes, 2701 Cuming St. "said that she could not say enough in its praise; that she considered it a perfect success both for cooking and heating purposes."

Mrs. Dr. O. S. Wood, 2530 Davenport, "was well pleased with the burner placed in her range, considered it a success."

Mrs. C. W. Axtel, 415 North 19th Street, "was satisfied that it was a success."

Miss Nuckols, N. 18th St. "The burner is a success."

Simon Anderson, 21st St. "The half has never been told, it is the best thing of the kind ever invented.

John Linderholm, Esq. Omaha.—Dear Sir: The Edwards Oil Burner is a perfect success, no more "wood, coal and kindling" in mine. Yours truly, W. P. Spafard, 2028 N. 28th Ave.

Chicago Edwards Oil Burner & M'f'g Co.

81 Randolph St., City.

Gentlemen:—After using your Burner for several weeks, I find it perfectly satisfactory for broiling, baking, toasting bread, in fact for all purposes for which a cooking fire is needed. I find it unequaled, and gladly recommend it to any intending to purchase.

Very Truly Yours, GEORGE BROUGHAM.

The following prominent citizens are now using the Oil Burner.

F. V. Freeman, Gen. Dennis, W. H. Lowe, C. R. Simmerman, Mr. Lemon, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Ferris, Dr. O. S. Wood, Swanson Valin & Co., Mrs. J. W. Ward, S. N. Gustin, W. P. Spafard, A. F. Blundell, Simon Anderson, J. F. Hammond, Miss Nuckols, C. M. Haynes.

To Our Patrons

IN THE STATE.

The Edwards Oil Burner is not to be classed with the common patent rights. It is a grand success. A God-send to the good citizens of this treeless, coalless state, bringing cheap fuel to your very doors. These Burners will be sold to one dealer in each town who will buy them right out the same as he would a bill of hardware. He can buy one or a dozen. The Chicago Edwards Oil Burner is as staple as wheat, and no dealer will be asked to take a single one that he does not need, and he will be expected to pay for every one he does take. They can be placed in any stove, are easily managed, clean as a register, and 50 per cent cheaper than coal. No coal to carry, no ashes to lift. Your fire always ready. Oil will be furnished consumers at about 10c per gallon. If you have not heard of the Edwards Burner before, read this advertisement carefully, then write to JOHN LINDERHOLM, Manager, 117 North 15th Street, for further particulars.

CHEAPER THAN COAL, CLEANER THAN COAL, MAKES A BETTER HEAT THAN COAL. IS ENTIRELY CONTROLLABLE. No family once using the Chicago Edwards Oil Burner will do without it. Buy it, try it, and be happy.

THE CHICAGO EDWARDS OIL BURNER

117 NORTH FIFTEENTH STREET, OMAHA, NEB.

JOHN LINDERHOLM, Manager.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Sense and Nonsense for the Fair Sex.

THOMAS AND JANE CARLISLE.

How He Showed His Love for His Wife—Two Statesmen's Wives —The Frivolous Girl— Woman's Kingdom.

The Frivolous Girl.

H. C. Bunner.

Her silken gown it rustles
As she goes down the stair;
And in all the place there's ne'er a face
One-half, one-half so fair;
But, oh! I saw her yesterday,
And no one knew 'twas she,
When a little sick child looked up and smiled,
As she sat on my lady's knee.

Her fan it flirts and flutters,
Her eyes grow bright, grow dim;
And all around no man is found
But thinks she thinks of him.
But, oh! to her the best of all,
Though they be great and grand,
Are less than the sick whose smiles come quick,
At the touch of my lady's hand.

Her little shoe of satin
Peeps underneath her skirt;
And a foot so small ought never at all
To move in mire and dirt.
But, oh! she goes among the poor,
And heavy hearts rejoice,
And they can tell, who know her well,
To hear my lady's voice.

Her glove is as soft as feathers
Upon the nestling dove;
Its touch so light I have no right
To think, to dream of love.
But, oh! when clad in simplest garb
She goes where none may see,
I watch and pray that some happy day,
My lady may pity me.

Two Statesmen's Wives.

Cassell's Magazine: Not long ago, when speaking of his wife, Prince Bismarck is reported to have said, "She it is who has made me what I am." There have been English statesmen who could say quite as much. Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter my own roof!" His description of his wife is too long to quote, but we must give an epitome of it. Of her beauty he said it did not arise from features, from complexion, or from shape; "she has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body, describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. She discovers the right and wrong of things, not by reasoning, but by sagacity. No person of so few years can know the world better, no person was ever less corrupted by that knowleege. She has a true generosity of temper, the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous not more cautious in their distribution. Her politeness seems to flow rather from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on the subject. It is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed forever; and the first hours of romantic friendship are not warmer than hers after the lapse of years. As she never disgraces her good-nature by severe reflections on anybody, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises; for everything violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition and the evenness of her virtue."

Lord Baconsfield described his wife as "the severest of critics, but a perfect wife." She was the widow of his friend, Mr. Wyndham Dewis, and twenty years his elder. The great affection which Disraeli entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortune, is well-known. She was in the habit of traveling with him on almost all occasions. At a dinner-party a friend of the earl had no better taste than to expostulate with him for always taking the viscountess with him. "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man, "for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon upon him very expressively and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, B——, I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination, suppose you to be guilty of gratitude!"

On the 3d of April, 1872, Disraeli made a great speech in the Free Trade hall, Manchester. In a box at the end of the hall, opposite the platform, sat several ladies, conspicuous among others being Lady Beaconsfield. We are told by one who was on the platform that "next in interest to the great speech of the evening were the sympathetic face of the orator's wife and the way in which from time to time, the orator lifted his head, as if to ask for her approval. When all was over, Mr. Disraeli waited in the retiring room for a short time and was then driven rapidly to the house of his host (Mr. Romaine Callender,) in Victoria Park. There Lady Beaconsfield was awaiting him, and no sooner were the carriage-wheels heard upon the gravel than she hurried from the drawing-room to the hall, rushed into the arms of her husband, embraced him rapturously, and exclaimed "Oh, Dizzy! Dizzy this is the greatest night of all! This pays for all!'

Cold Feet and Their Consequences.

Mercury: Cold feet beget red noses, blue lips, rough and corded hands, and that gray, pinched look in the face which adds five years to the age of every woman over eighteen. Out of ten women seven always have cold feet.

A vivid circulation—and, ergo, warm feet—mean bright eyes, a soft epidermis, lustrous hair, red lips, a warm pallor—most exquisite of complexions!—for the naturally pale, a peachy glow for the rosy beauty. Warmth is life; cold is death.

No woman—only an exception here and there—can have warm feet in our trying and changeable winters unless she wears "flannels." Even if she chooses to be indifferent to the ill-health and discomforts arrising from the eschewing of "those horrid things!" it may begin to dawn upon her that rapid and perfect circulation of the blood is the simple fundimental basis of all good looks; and that, in our climate, only the "horrid things" will secure such circulation. But too heavy and clumsy underclothing saps the nervous strength, and permits no more ease nor grace than that displayed by an elephant. Actresses understand this, so should women in private life. The more closely, the more tautly, the nether limbs are clad, the more easy, light, and sinuous are gait and movement. Nothing should wrinkle; nothing should "bag." There should not be too many petticoats, nor too many waistbands. The whole style of dress of the day, among other things, demands this tautness. Tights may not be quite practicable for every-day life. But women should get as near to the effects of them as they can.

The following arrangement seems the best evolved for the fulfillment of these three requirements—warmth, lightness, sinuosity—knit underwaist of silk or softest wool (may be low-necked and short-sleeved except where lungs are delicate, the danger in the complete changes made when low-necked evening dressss are worn is thus done away with; drawers of the same snugly and perfectly incasing the leg to the ankle; very long hose drawn high above the knee by suspension garters attached to the corset (circular garters impede the full play and "swing" of the leg; corset-waist of very fine, thin, elastic stockinet—which may be low for the house and high-necked with half sleeves for outdoors. These elastic corsets waists are an English invention, and one that was much needed, fitting in glove fashion as they do without "bunching," as the very finest of starched cambric will. The little colored flannel shirt should be made on a deep silk yoke, and that and the longer skirt of shot silk pinked and flounched, and also yoked, which has taken the place of the white petticoat, may be "divided" after the manner invented by a popular actress, whose terpsichorean evolutions are the acme of lithsomeness and grace. This "division" consists in sewing up the skirt in the middle of the knee, and secures the freedom of motion aimed at in the actual "divided skirt" of the dress reformer, while the hideous and unfeminine exhibition of the same is avoided. For going out in the coldest weather a quilted silk petticoat is substituted for the usual thin silk one. The weight of all this underclothing put together will be found very small, and there is nothing cumbersome about any one of its details.

This snugness and warmth secured interiorly, the exterior garment need be neither so tight nor so heavy as their wont. Freedom across the chest is essential to the full play of the respiratory organs; and long, deep breaths, fully inflating the lungs, make and keep the blood pure, give lustre to the glance, buoyancy to the step. Tightening the girth immediately about the waist is even less injurious than strapping the chest across with a harsh, unyielding bodice which creaks with every attempt to lift the arms, and would give way outright should the wearer be seized with any sudden spasm of laughing or sobbing. That and corseting too high are the leading follies of fat women, whose faces in a warm room turn a gradual purple, and whose hands are covered with rope like veins gorged with blood that cannot flow back again. The method of the average woman is—unscientific bunchy, cold undergarments, and dresses as tight as possible. For health, and therefore for beauty, the modus operandi should be exactly reversed.

To resume: Keep the feet warm and the chest free. Have everything that covers the body yield with its motion.

Society's Pet Foible.

Harper's Magazine: The cynic wants to know what is gained for any rational being when a city full of women undertake to make and receive formal visits with persons whom, for the most part, they do not wish to see. What is gained, he asks, by leaving cards with all these people and receiving their cards? When a woman makes her tedious rounds why is she always relieved to find people not in? When she can count upon her ten fingers the people she wants to see, why should she pretend to want to see the others? Is anyone deceived by it? Does anybody regard it as anything but a sham and a burden? Much the cynic knows about it! Is it not necessary to keep up what is called society? Is it not necessary to have an authentic list of pasteboard acquaintances to invite to receptions? And what would become of us without receptions? Everybody likes to give them. Everybody flocks to them with great alacrity. When society calls the roll, we all know the penalty of being left out. Is there any intellectual or physical pleasure equal to that of jamming so many people into a house that they can barbly move, and treating them to a Babel of noise in which no one can make herself heard without screaming? There is nothing like a reception in any uncivilized country. It is so exhilarating! When a dozen or a hundred people are gathered together in a room, they all begin to raise their voices and to shout like pool sellers in the noble rivalry of "various langwidges," rasping their throats into bronchitis in the bidding of the conversational ring. If they spoke low or even in the ordinary tone, conversation would be impossible, but then it would not be a reception, as we understand it. But does society—that is, the intercourse of congenial people—depend upon the elaborate system of exchanging calls with hundreds of people who are not congenial? Such thoughts will sometimes come by a winter fireside of rational-talking friends, or at a dinner party not too large for talk without a telephone, or in the summer time by the sea, or in the cottage in the hills, when the fever of social life has got down to a normal temperature. We fancy that sometimes people will give way to a real enjoyment of life, and that human intercourse will throw off this artificial and wearisome parade, and that if women look back with pride, as they may, upon their personal achievements and labors, they will also regard them with astonishment. Women, we read every day, long for the rights and privileges of men, and the education and serious purpose in life of men. And yet, such is the sweet self-sacrifice of their nature, they voluntarily take on burdens which men have never assumed, and which they would speedily cast off if they had. What should we say of men if they consumed half their time in paying formal calls upon each other merely for the sake of paying calls, and were low-spirited if they did not receive as many cards as they had dealt out to society? Have they not the time? Have women more time, and, if they have, why should they spend it in this Sisyphus task? Would the social machine go to pieces—the inquiry is made in good faith and solely for information—if they made rational business for themselves to be attended to, or even if they gave the time now given to calls they hate to reading and study and to making their households civilizing centers of intercourse and enjoyment, and paid visits from other motive than "clearing off the list?" If all the artificial round of calls and cards should tumble down, what valuable thing would be lost out of our life?

For Tired Brain

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

FLASHES FROM THE DYNAMOS.

News and Notes in the Laboratories and Work Shops.

LIGHTING THE STAMPEDE TUNNEL

Alleged Electric Sugar—A Peculiar Accident—Inventions and Applications in the Electric World —Edisonian Literature.

The Phonograph Again.

Electrical Review: In that interesting little English pamphlet, Notes and Queries, a correspondent announces with almost startling resonance that Edison is not the inventor of the phonograph. He has, he says, the transcript of a paper read before the British association, long before Edison's claim appeared, in which a "Phonograph" was described by a Frenchman named Scott (what a Gaul!) He says he can't make out the date of the manuscript with certainty, so blurred has it become, but he believes it to be 1859. "At any rate," he adds, "it is easily found in the 'Transactions.'" Well, if it were so easily found, why didn't he find it before casting doubt upon the originality of a mechanism that has been accepted in good faith by the best minds in the world. Instead of doing so he goes on to doubt that Edison had any hand in putting the parts together and perfecting the apparatus. How easily such a man could be convinced that the moon is made of green cheese! We have taken the trouble to look up the paper he refers to—to it was read in 1857, not in 1859—and are, therefore, in a position to give him some information on the subject. The "Phonautograph" was a phonograph only in the sense of recording or writing sound, as its name implies, but it couldn't read and, of course, it is the audible reproduction of sound that makes the phonograph so wonderful a contrivance, and it was Edison's genius that suggested it and made it a practical contrivance.

Long Distance Telephoning.

Electrical Review: Words spoken in Philadelphia can now be heard in Portland, Me., a distance of 450 miles. A member of the Review's staff in New York conversed with Mr. Stafford, manager of the telephone exchange at Portland, Me., on Saturday last, and heard every word distinctly. The American telephone and telegraph company, of New York, of which Pres. Theo. N. Nail and Vice President and General Manager Ed. J. Hall, Jr., are the energetic and far-seeing executives is to be congratulated on the successful opening up to telephone service of this vast and wealthy territory. What was at first looked down upon as a doubtful venture is now rapidly becoming recognized as one of the most successful and progressive moves in recent electrical history. The large and important cities of Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Albany, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Boston and Portland with intermediate towns are now in telephonic communication, covering a territory represented by seven states. By November 1 this company's lines between Buffalo and Albany will be completed, and the cities of Syracuse, Rochester, Utica, Auburn, etc., will enter the long distance telephonic system.

There are at the present time over one hundred manufacturing establishments in the territory adjacent to New York that are daily patrons of this system, either by leasing lines or by contracting for so many hours per day, and these companies are all supplied with the improved long distance transmitter—the invention which, with the use of hard drawn copper conductors, made possible this wonderful and potent advance in the telephonic industry.

The extension of this system to Cleveland, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati and Chicago is now only a question of time. It is known to be electrically possible, and the experience of the American company so far leads to the belief that it will be successful from the stern standpoint of dollars and cents.

Lighting the Stampede Tunnel.

Mr. E. H. McHenry, the engineer in charge of the Stampede tunnel, Washington territory, sends the following interesting information to the Railroad Gazette:

This tunnel is the second in length in the United States, being 9,844 feet long. It is on the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific, and pierces the main range of the Cascade mountains at an altitude of 2,800 feet above tide. It was completed and opened for traffic the latter part of May of the present pear, requiring twenty-eight months for its completion from date of contract.

During the period covered by construction arc lights were used with very good results, but it was decided to adopt the incandescent system for permanent use for the following reasons: As a linear distance rather than area was to be lighted, the distribution of the greater number of lamps in one line would be much more effective. The gases and smoke from the engine were found to corrode and clog the mechanism of the arc lamps. The strong air-current through the tunnel would waste the carbons rapidly, or require the use of globes, with consequent loss of light. An economy was secured in attendance and cost of renewals. For these and other reasons it was decided by Mr. H. S. Huson, the principal assistant engineer, to adopt this system as being best adapted to the existing conditions.

The plant was furnished by the Northwestern Electric Supply and Construction company, of Seattle, W. T. It consists of a 300-light new style Edison municipal dynamo, constructed to run at a pressure of 1,200 volts. Self-lubricating bearings reduce the necessary attendance to a minimum. The lamps, 300 in number, are thirty candle-power each. Light iron brackets from the sides support these lamps at intervals of sixty-six and two-thirds on each side, giving one lamp to every thirty-three and one-half feet.

The lamps are not placed as high as customary, it being quite an object to avoid the smoke accumulating in the crown of the arch. The plan of wiring is peculiar to the system. Six complete circuits are required which have a common return wire for all. A "pole-box," containing a switch and safety catch, connects each circuit with the common return. This arrangement permits any one or all sections to be lighted at will, for convenience of workmen or trains. The tunnel in general is free from leaks, but where they occur Clark's triple insulated wire is used.

The system is operated from the "east end," and is driven by a double 13½-inch Leffel mining wheel. The falls of Mosquito creek, almost directly over the east portion, furnish a hydraulic head of 160 feet, with but 400 feet of piping. During the dry season the power is furnished by the steam plant, consisting of a 50 h. p. high speed Ball engine and a 60 h. p. steel boiler. The dynamo is arranged to connect with either the engine or wheel, or with both, the engine being used as an auxiliary in the latter case.

Alleged Electric Sugar.

Electrical Review: A queer story of an alleged wonderful discovery by an American inventor and the practical application of it in Great Britain comes from a Scotch newspaper, which vouches for its truthfulness. The discovery is of a process for refining sugar by electricity, and the inventor was Professor Henry Friend, of New York, whose death occurred, it is said, on March 10, of this year. He was so secretive, it is said, that he repelled all attempts to facilitate the working of his process by keeping the management of the machinery in his own hands, and he was so fearful that his secret would be discovered that he sent the machinery to Scotland piecemeal from different parts of the country. He gave years of labor and investigation to the process, it is said, and only his wife was initiated into his secret. In his private working room he posted a notice that it was death for anyone to cross the threshold, and when he died his secret would have been lost had not those interested in his scheme insisted that he should make a written record of his experiments for use in such a contingency.

No details of the new process are given, but it is declared that it renders the boiling of sugar no longer necessary, and thus saves much that is now wasted. The raw sugar is put into his machine, and the first batch is converted into refined product in four hours. After that the process is continuous, the machine working as long as raw sugar is supplied, and turning it into refined sugar in an hour and three-quarters from the time it is put in. Ninety-nine per cent of the saccharine matter in the raw sugar is secured, it is asserted, and the total cost is only about 80 cents a ton.

Electric Motor Trials at Pullman.

Electrical Review: The invitation of the Pullman company to the projectors of the various types of electric motors, may, if carried out, lead to tests of unusual importance, because comparative. We are not quite sure that the motor people will look with favor upon the scheme as proposed, and perhaps they would be justified in declining to take part in it. The Pullman people agree to build four miles of road and would like to see the various types of electric motors tried thereon: the "overhead" trolley system, the "third rail" the "slotted main" and the secondary battery system. They agree to furnish the power from the stationary engines set up in their car works, the various competing companies supplying their own aparatus. But it should be remembered that the initial cost of some systems is greater than others, though in the long run being cheaper; others are better adapted to short lines than to long ones, and there are various other virtues and defects which appear in inadequate trials, but are seen in extended ones. Will the companies risk the chance of a snap judgment? And is the recompense offered for the success sufficient to the outlay?

Mothers Read.

The proprietors of SANTA ABIE have authorized Goodman Drug Co., to refund your money if, after giving this California King of Cough Cures a fair trial as directed, it fails to give satisfaction for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough and all throat and Lung troubles. When the disease affects the head, and assumes the form of Catarrh, nothing is so effective as CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE. These preparations are without equals as household remedies. Sold at $1.00 a package. Three for $2.50.